MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No.3 60p

LOOK INSIDE: IT'S SOPHIA LOREN'S NAKED DOUBLE

ALPINES PAST: BRIGHTEST OF SUNBEAMS

SO APPEALING: OUR NUDEST FUND-RAISER

A MADDOCKS LOOK AT MARCH MADNESS

OUT OF HER TU-TU: THE BARE BALLERINA

PREMATURE EJACULATION: NEW QUEST SURVEY

THE MYSTERY MEN WHO ADD POSTSCRIPTS TO POSTERS

UNLACED: LUTTERWORTH'S MOST LUSCIOUS LASS

BANGERS AND SMASH: CARRIE'S STOCKCAR STRIP

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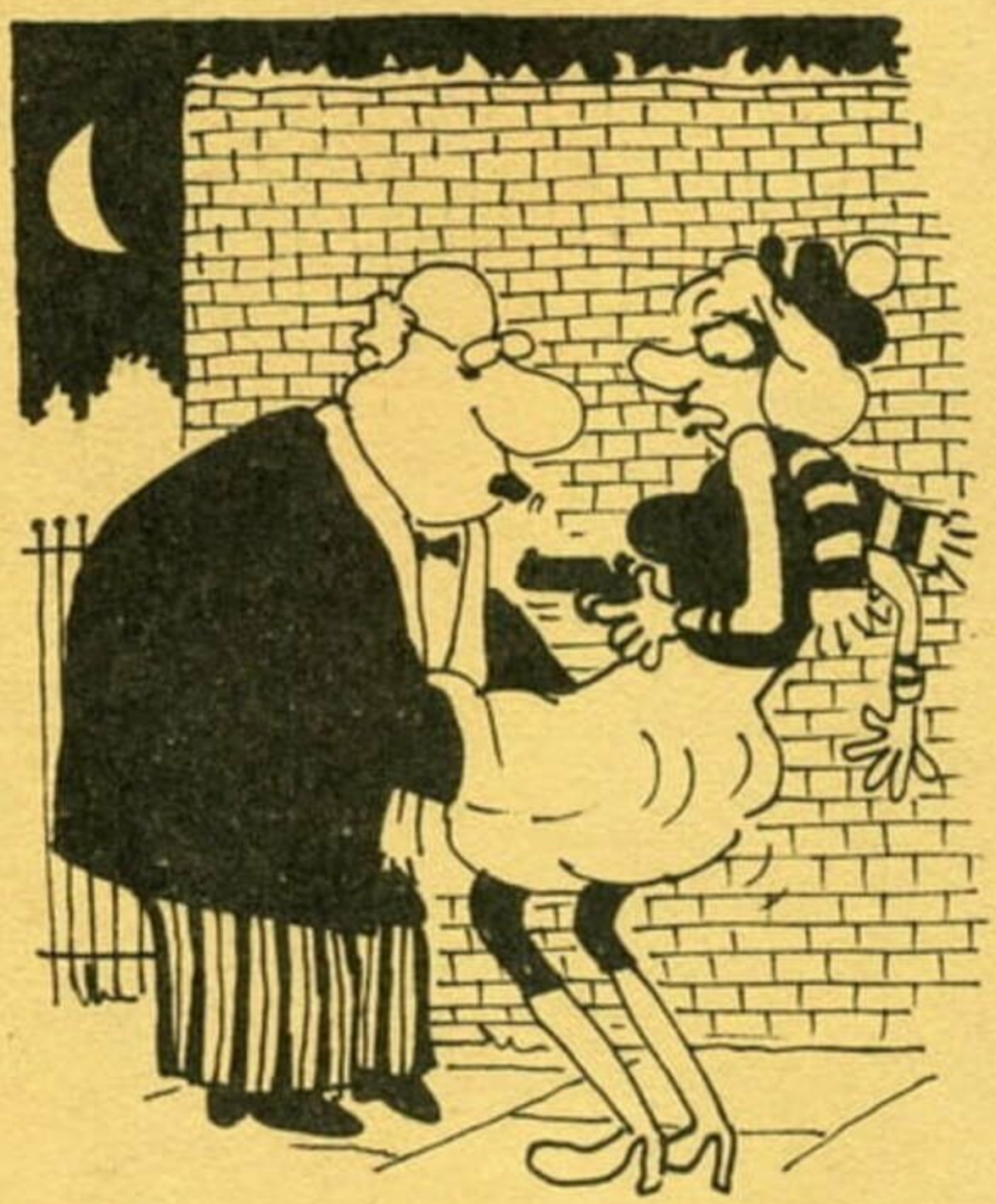
Dear diary

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks
anticipates some zany situations for
the mad month of March

THURSDAY 2

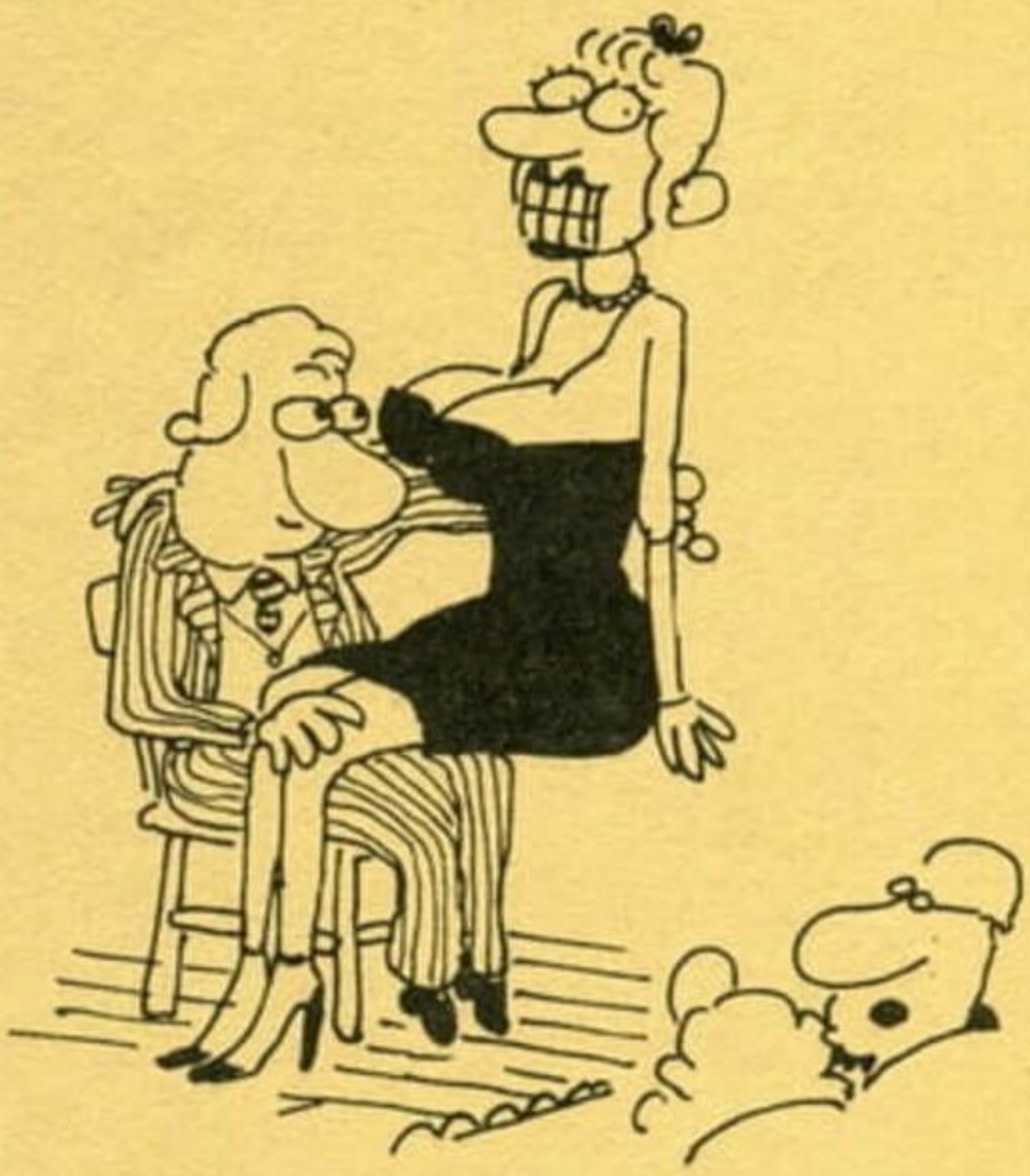
Walked into a stick-up job



'Not up there you fool – up in the air.'

SATURDAY 4

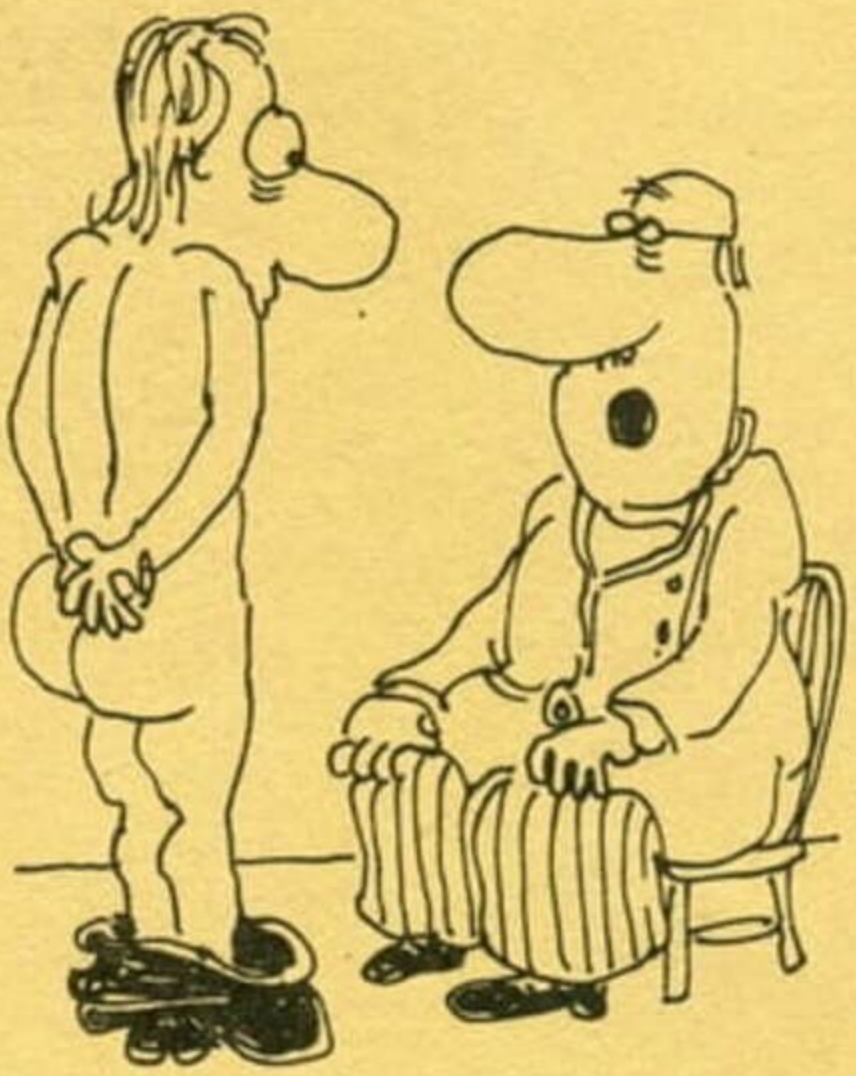
Went to the theatre



'I'm sure I saw his lips move.'

WEDNESDAY 8

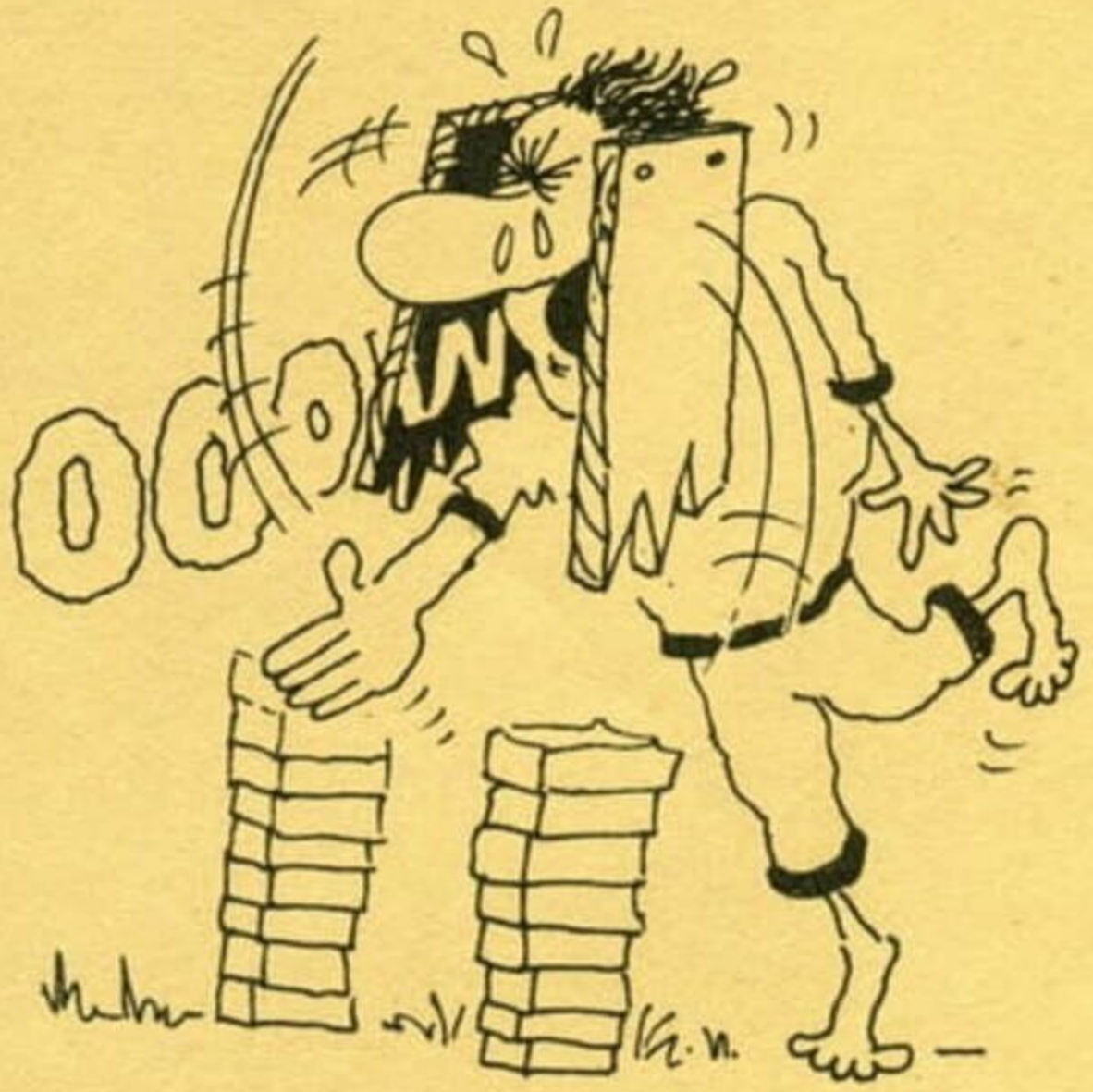
Visit to the doctors



'Don't be silly – cyclops only has one eye.'

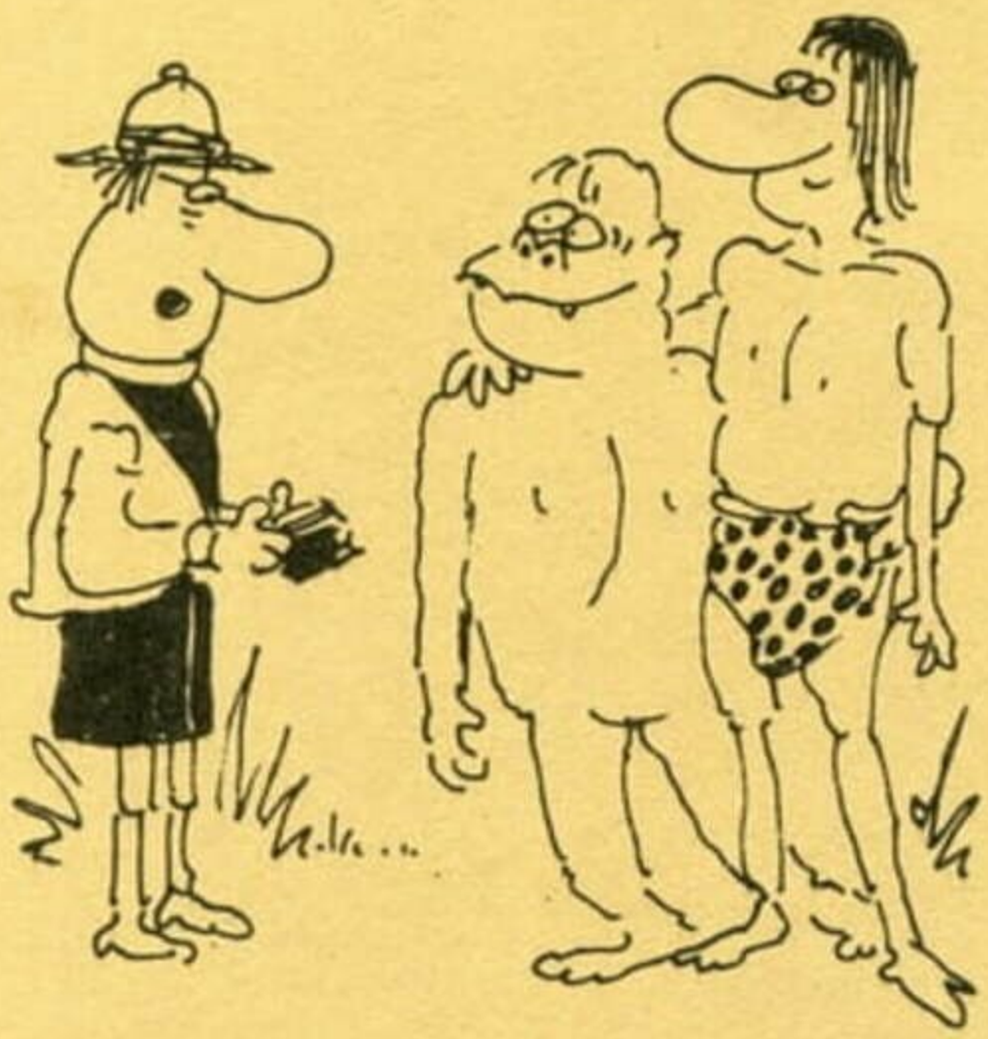
FRIDAY 10

Gave up Karate lessons



SATURDAY 18

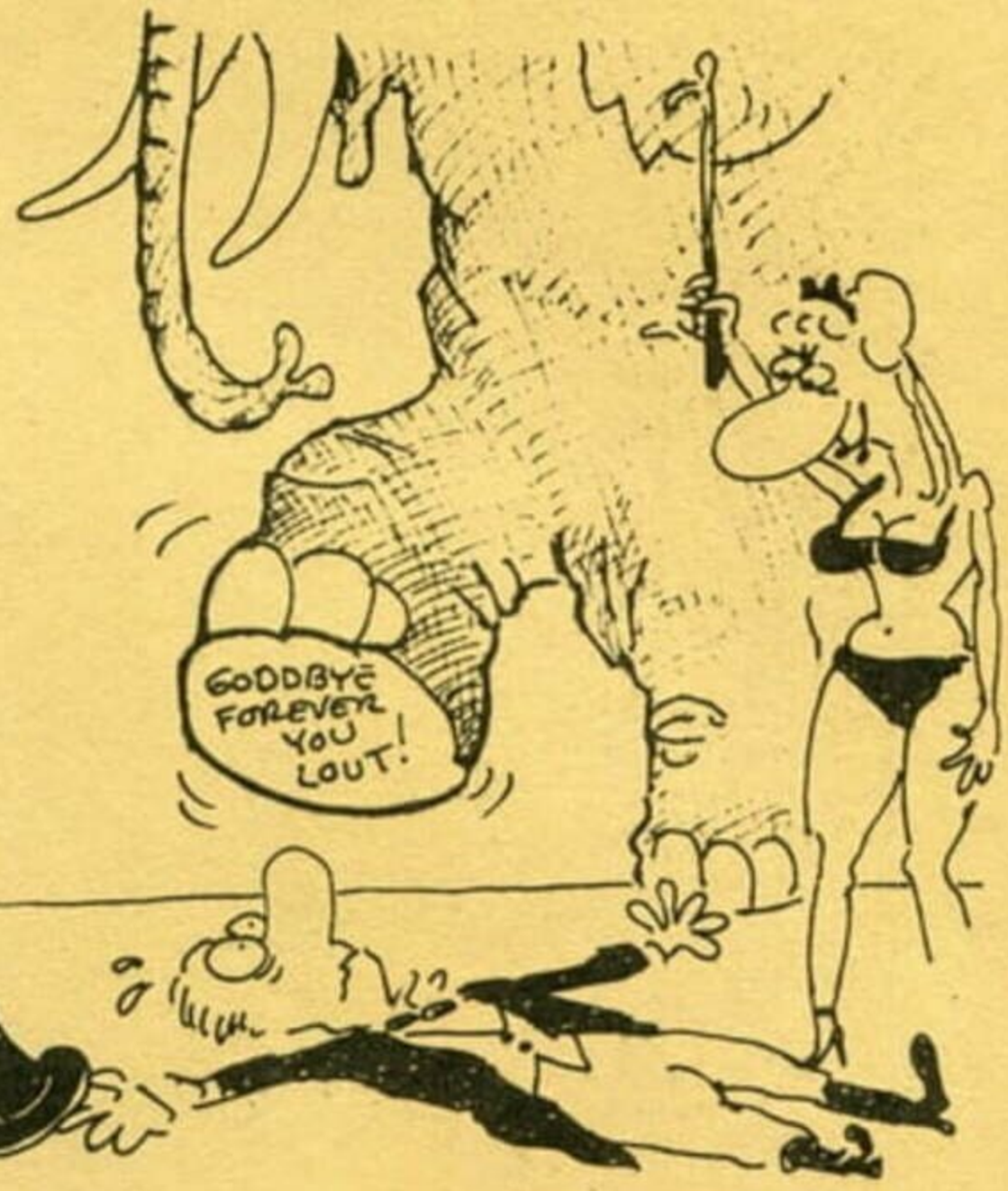
Went to a society wedding



'. . . And do you, Lord Greystoke, take this gorilla, Jane . . .'

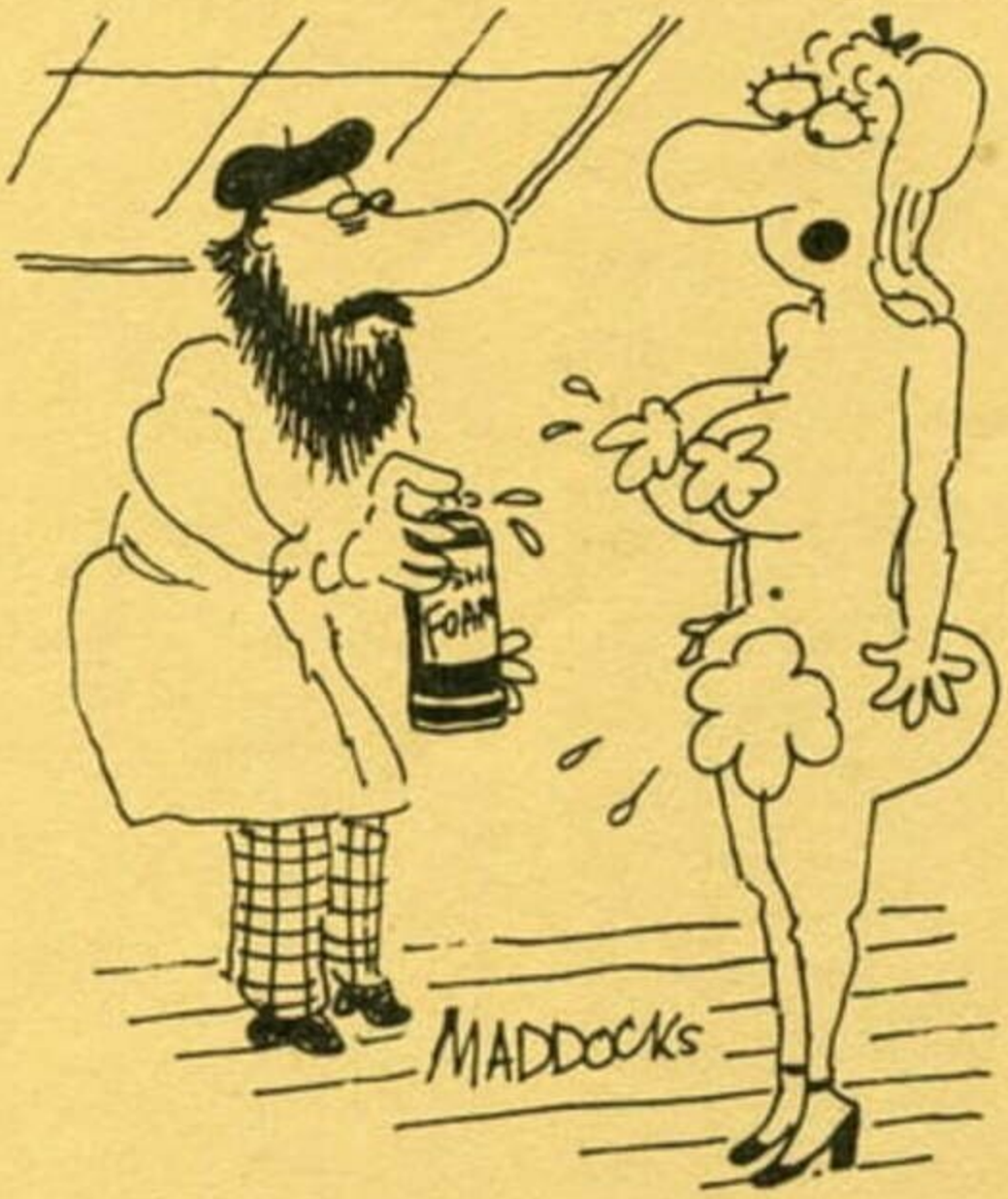
TUESDAY 21

Set upon by girlfriend's pet



FRIDAY 24

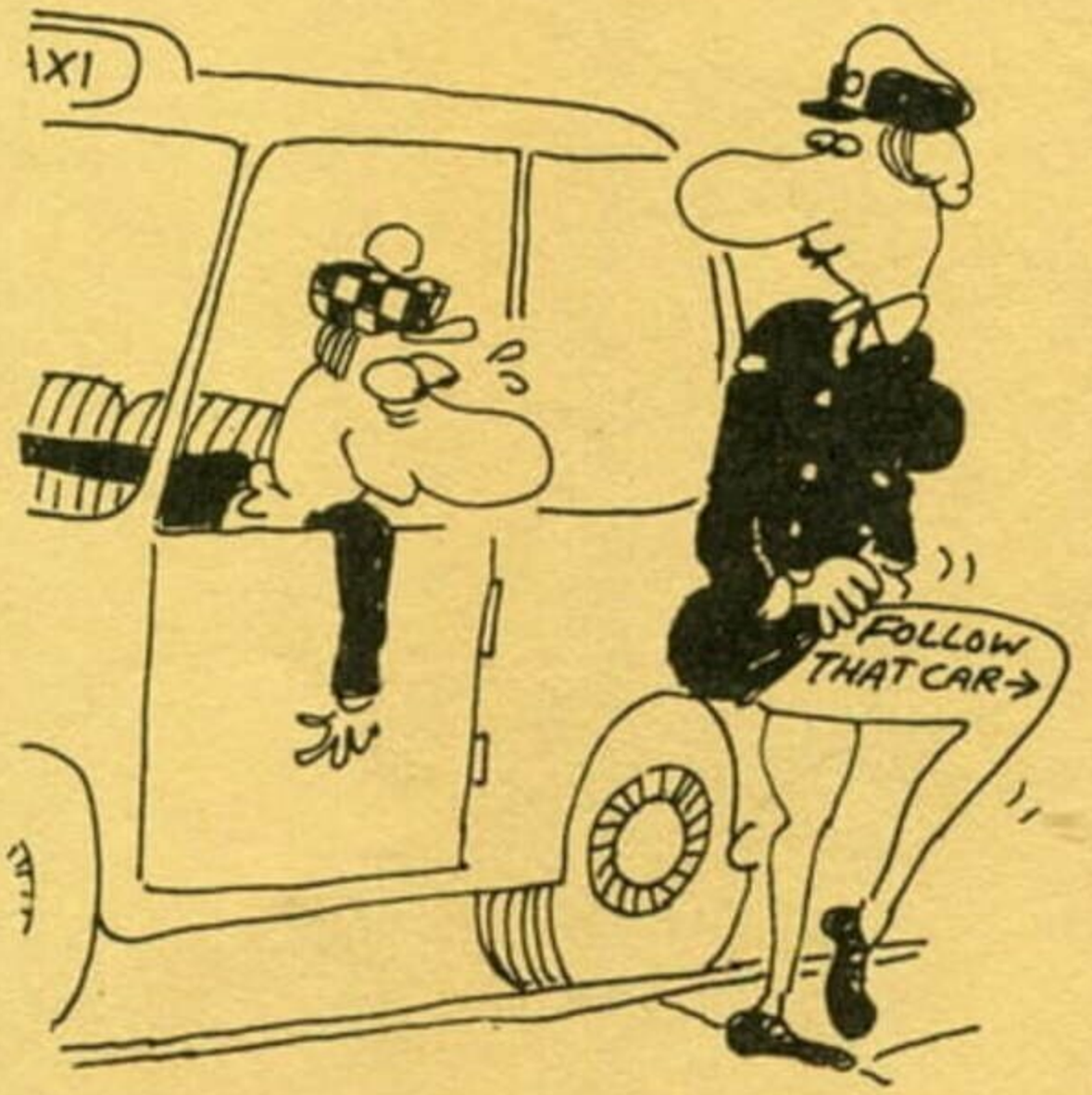
Made an exhibition of myself

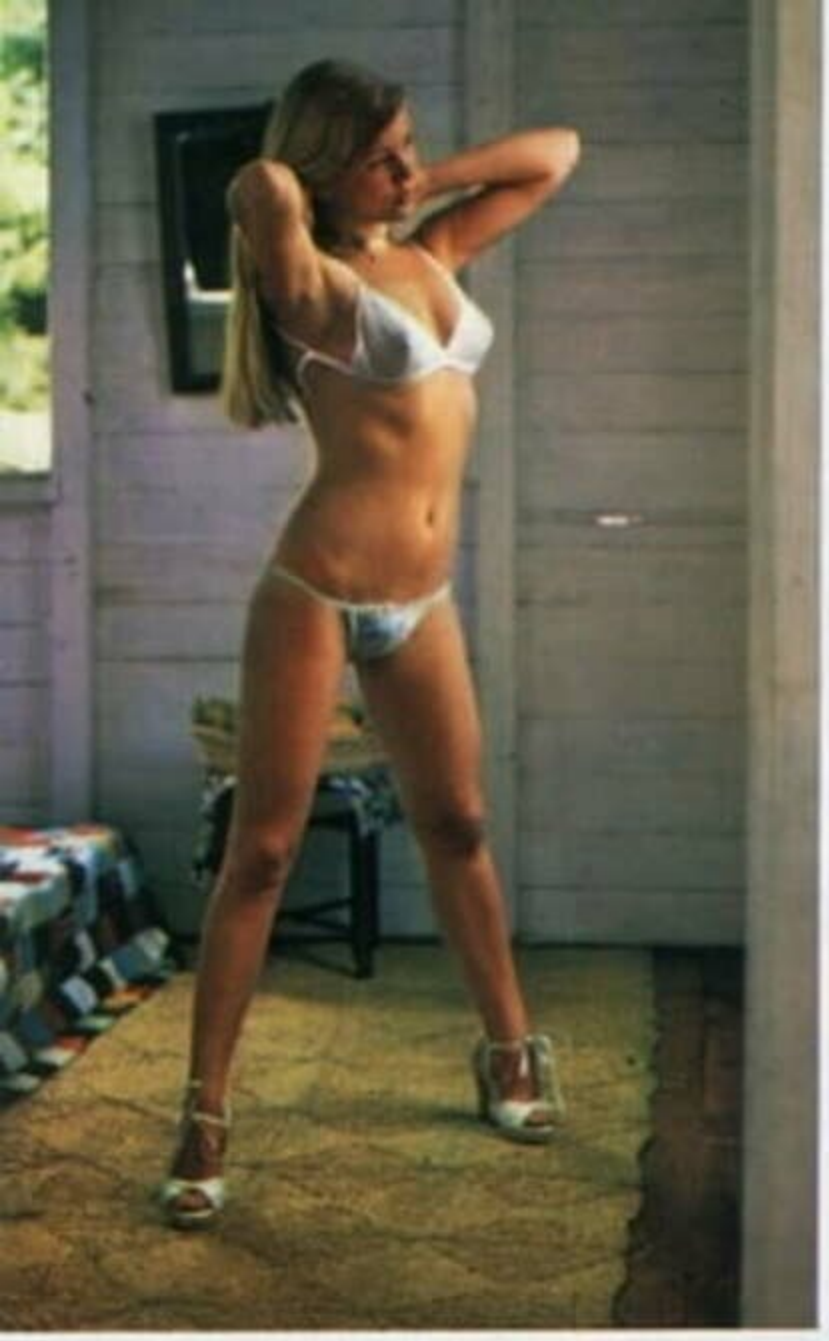


'Are you sure this is art?'

SUNDAY 26

Gave policewoman a hand

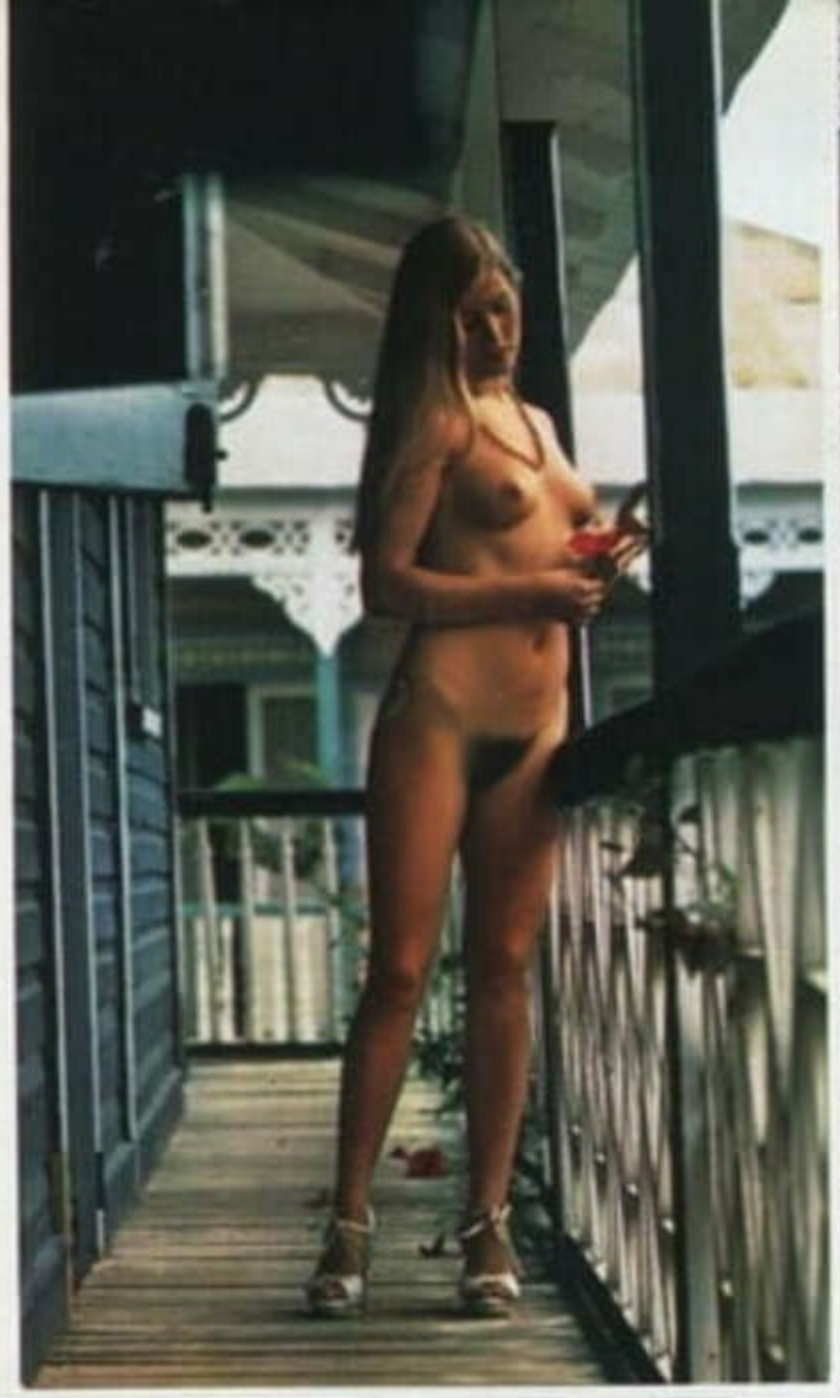




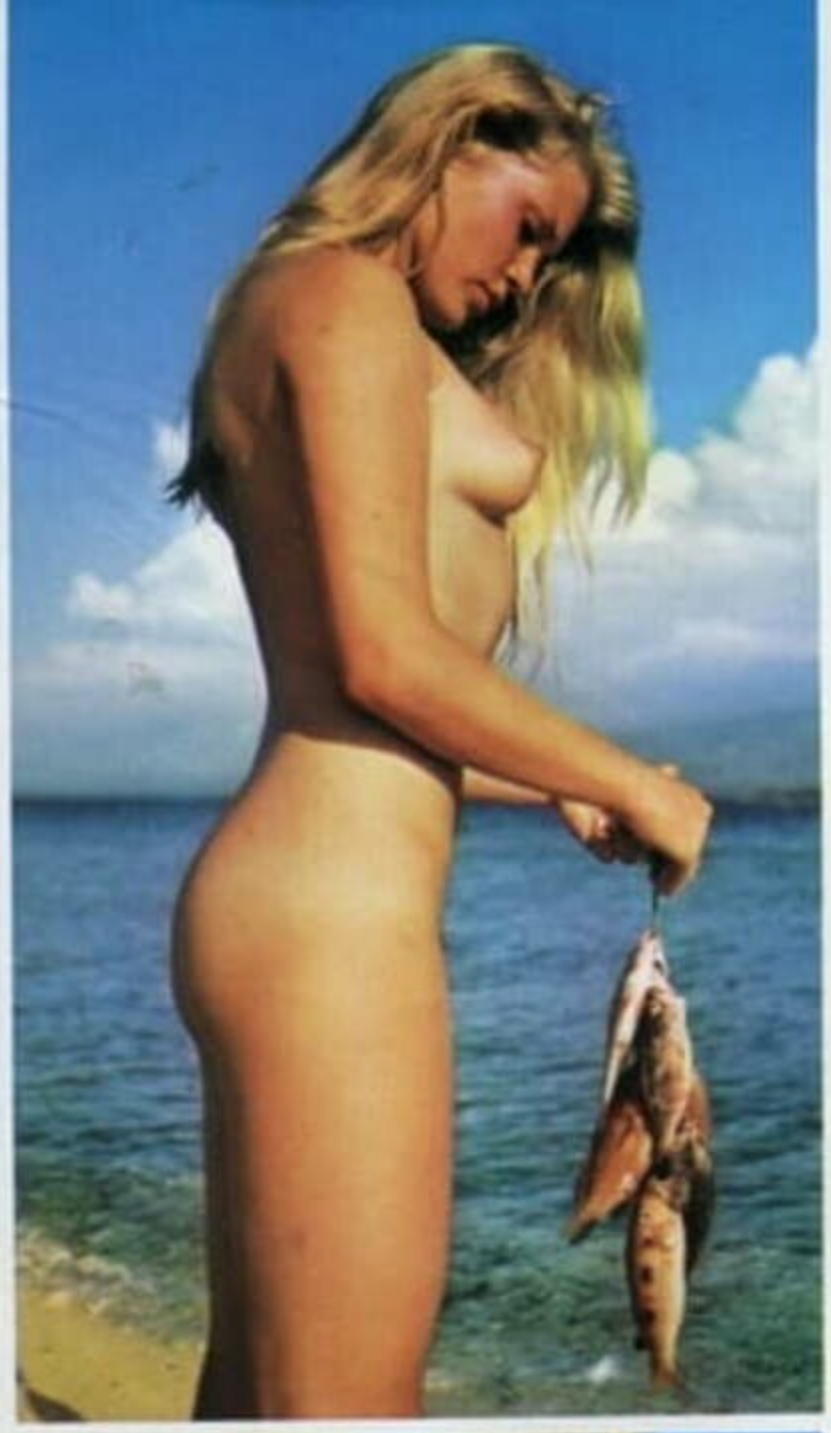
KATHERINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

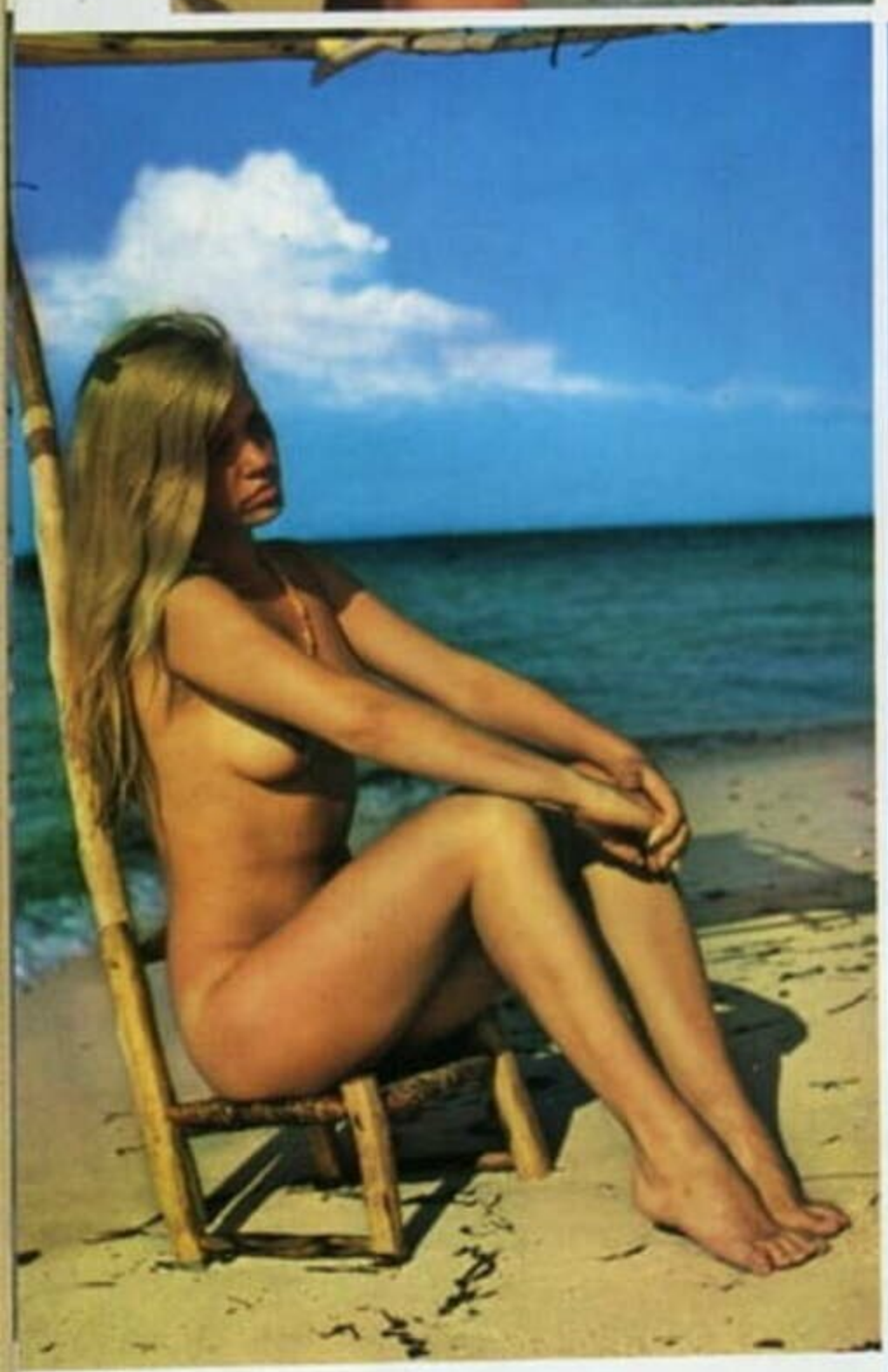
You might be forgiven for thinking that a stunning blonde like 20-year-old Katherine Quigley standing just a fraction under 5 feet 9 inches and filling a tape measure to the tune of 35B–22–34 would be more than satisfied with her lot. Not so. 'I'm too tall,' sighs Katherine sadly. 'My great ambition was to be a ballet dancer, but my height has ruled that out I'm afraid. I remember when I was little I saw a film called *Red Shoes* with Moira Shearer and Anton Walbrook. It was all about ballet dancing and I immediately fell in love with the idea of becoming a ballerina. I nagged my parents until they finally sent me to ballet classes and everything went really well until I started putting on inches.'



Katherine smiles. 'Still, as the saying goes, all is not yet lost. I'm now going to classes at the Dance Centre in Covent Garden to keep in trim, as I'd eventually like to get into one of those TV dance groups like *Pan's People* or *The Young Generation*. I've auditioned once or twice for jobs in shows, but as yet I haven't had much luck. Did you see the musical *A Chorus Line?* It's all about auditioning for a show. Allowing a bit for dramatic licence, it was terribly accurate. I could see myself mirrored in quite a few of the performances which was all a bit painful for me.'



In between auditioning and rehearsing, Katherine, who lives in Hampstead, takes in a variety of part-time jobs. 'I'm with an agency,' she explains, 'that specialises in finding people to do anything and everything from walking dogs to cooking dinner parties. The best job ever was cat-sitting.' Katherine bursts out laughing. 'Honestly, I'm not pulling your leg. A very wealthy couple went away for a fortnight and didn't want to put their cat into a home, so every day I had to go round and feed it and keep it company for a bit.' She grins. 'If you'll forgive the pun, we practised our *entrechats* together in front of a mirror. Perhaps that's my true vocation, a dancing pet-minder.' She winks. 'I'm also a dab hand at spring cleaning too, my polishing pirouettes have to be seen to be believed!'



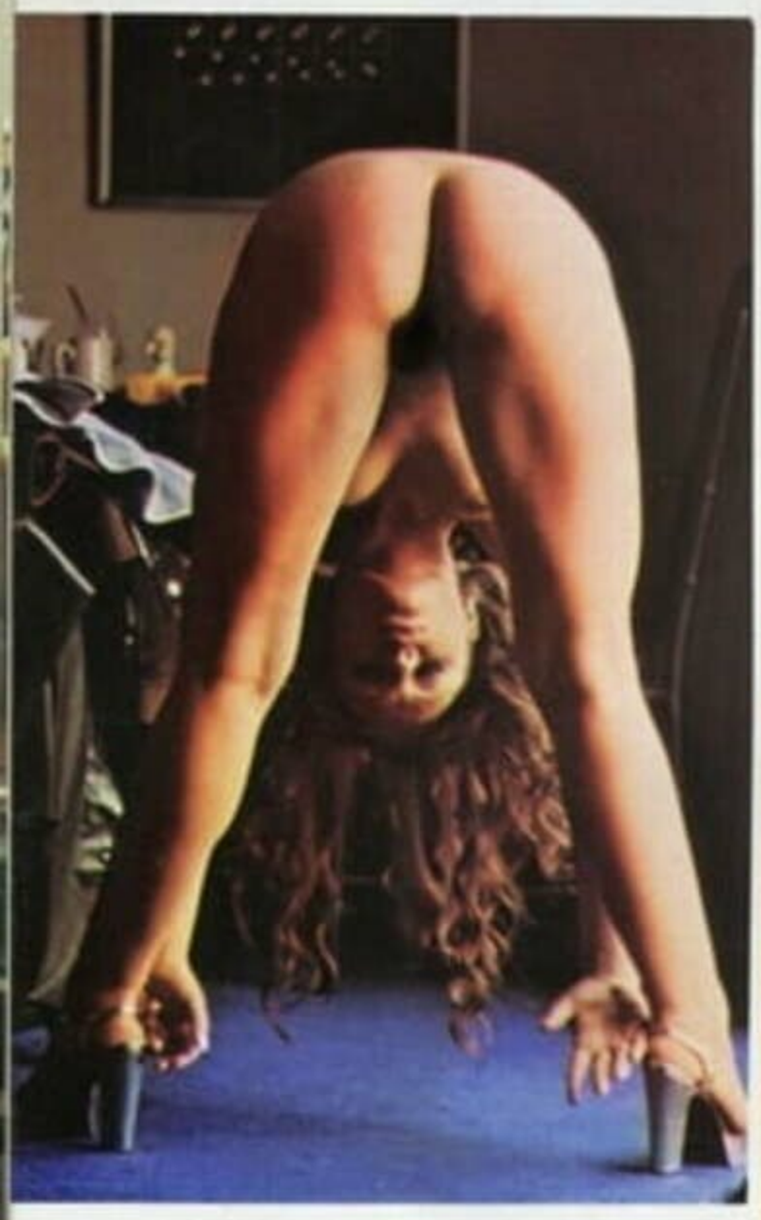
'Stomach upset? No, Mama, when I said Tom's been up all night, I meant . . .'

Is it Sophia Loren?

No, it's her double, NADIUSKA

If you think you've seen her face before, playing opposite Alan Ladd for instance in *Boy on a Dolphin*, then you are forgiven. For you too, like us, will have been captivated by Sophia Loren's 24-year-old look-alike Nadiuska. If you passed her on the street you'd probably swear – that she was either Miss Loren's twin, or her spitting image, or that you shouldn't have had that last glass of chianti. And it's not that Nadiuska is a stranger to the film business herself. It's reported that Miss Loren's real-life husband, Carlo Ponti, was so impressed with 34–22–34 Nadiuska that he offered her a golden contract and to make her a star in Italy. But Nadiuska, who says she's of 'German-Russian' origin, turned him down – she is already extremely successful in Spain, where she has lived for the past five years, and where she 'cashes as much money as Sophia Loren does in Italy.' Nadiuska's Spanish triumphs include Gonzalo Suarez' *Beatriz*, *Sorrita Martinez*, and *El Senor Esta Servido*. And, Hollywood has also been quick to recognise her obvious talents.

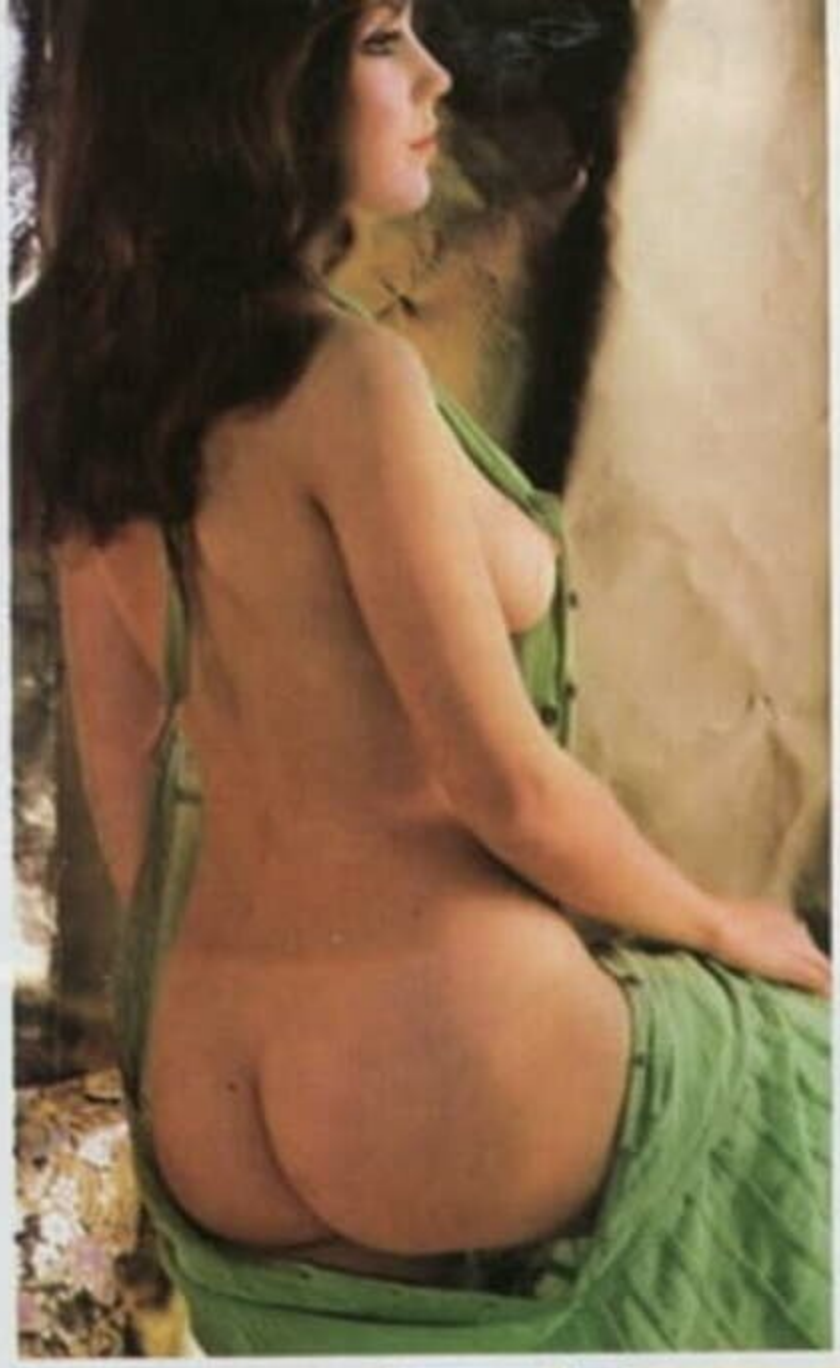
In *Bound For Glory*, she co-starred alongside Sean Connery and Charles Bronson but, alas, has declined further Hollywood assignments, hoping for better offers. British cinema-buffs may also remember her opposite Terry-Thomas and Leslie Phillips in the comedy *Spanish Fly*. More recently Nadiuska's been in Paris where she has been dating Roger Vadim and appearing in his film of Francoise Sagan's novel, *Amour, Impaire et Manque*. Confides Nadiuska coyly, 'Roger is the most charming man I have ever met.' Reciprocal sentiments perhaps, for she has also been offered another role by Vadim, in *Docteur Petiot*. Nadiuska, herself, is determined to make her own international career, and not to gain fame being a carbon copy of Miss Loren. That's why she declined Mr Ponti's attractive offer.

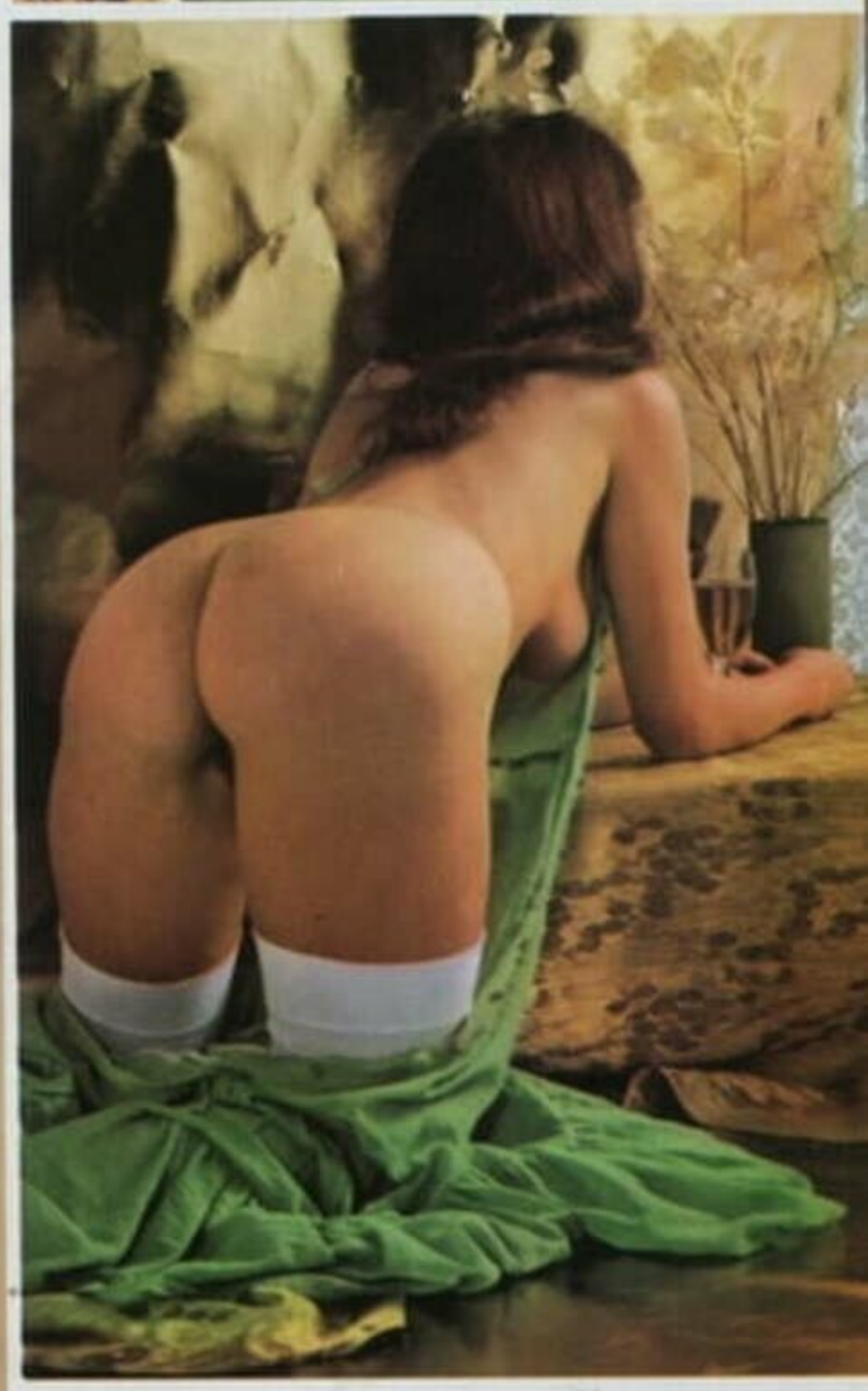


ALANA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Back in September of 1976, the menfolk of St Leonard's down sunny Sussex way found themselves shaken – and for that matter probably stirred too – to open their front doors to find themselves confronted in the flesh by a real-life 36–23–36 *Mayfair* centre-girl called Alana Ford. 'Most of them,' recalls 24-year-old Alana, 'were blissfully ignorant; a few recognised me instantly, but the funniest was one chap who actually had a copy of the magazine in view and kept saying "I'm sure I know you from somewhere, don't I?"





The reason for Alana's descent onto St Leonard's was connected with her work as a sales promotion girl. On that particular occasion, Alana was distributing free apples and pears. 'The idea is,' she explains, 'that you dole out the free samples left right and centre and hopefully everyone will be so smitten with your wares that they'll immediately dash out to stock up with more. I must have given out literally thousands of pounds worth of stuff from fruit and veg to dairy produce to frozen food. The nicest thing I've ever given out was samples of perfume. Not that it had a particularly nice scent or anything – it was just light to carry! By the same token, the job I look back on with dark memories was distributing copies of a new magazine. They weighed a ton – there were times when I thought my arms were going to drop off. I'm sure they lengthened a couple of inches as a result! Yes, I know we're supplied with a company car – an Escort in my case – but there's still an awful amount of lugging around to do. Hence my arm muscles!'

Alana bursts out laughing. 'I should very speedily add that that last comment was just a little joke. I'd die if I suddenly developed huge muscles. I can't think of anything less feminine than ending up looking like a Russian weightlifter.' Not, we would judge, that there's much likelihood of *that* particular eventuality coming about. After Sussex however, where is Alana bound for next? 'To the best of my knowledge it's East Anglia,' says Alana, 'though there's no guarantee I'll end up there as it's really down to the company I work for where I get sent. If I am around those parts though, I'll be handing out soap powder samples. I've done that before and got bombarded with requests to take off my knickers and wash them.' She grins. 'There's no chance of that.' None? 'Well, maybe . . .!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/ALANA FORD

CHRISTINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Astrologers will have you believe that those born under the sign of Sagittarius are fiery, lusty people with a penchant for straight-talking and a love of the open air. Christine Molloy, whose birth-sign this is, may not necessarily have these particular attributes, but with a leggy 5 feet 7 inch, 36–24–36 figure, it'd seem she has all the qualities needed to make a huge success of her chosen career as a photographic model. Christine, who is 20 years old, was born in the tiny Warwickshire village of Harborough Magna. 'Small and quiet,' she recalls.

Now, Christine lives over a pub – something that can only enhance her appeal in male eyes – just outside Lutterworth. 'I'm afraid I'll have to keep the exact location to myself,' grins Christine, 'as the pub is very small and I don't think the regulars would thank me if the place got crowded out with people.' Where you might get a glimpse of Christine however is at the Leicester disco called *Fusion,* a club that plays her own particular favourite brand of modern rock. 'Leicester is just about the nearest place to home with any nightlife,' maintains Christine, 'and for my money *Fusion* is probably the best disco.'

If discos aren't your style though and you still fancy a little Christine-spotting keep your eyes well-peeled for a snazzy-looking canary-yellow MG Midget zooming along Leicestershire's highways and byways, for Christine could be behind the wheel. 'I've been driving for about two-and-a-half years,' she says, 'and I passed my test at the second attempt. Even though I've got a sports car, I'm not a speed merchant. Not that I crawl along, I just maintain a nice even speed. One thing I won't do though is pick up men hitch-hiking. It's a bit too risky for my liking.' Driving and discos apart, the one other aspect of Christine's life that keeps her fully-occupied is modelling. 'I've been a photographic model ever since I left school, mainly doing trade advertising work locally,' she says. 'My one real ambition is to become a fashion model. I've done a little, but I'd really like to break into the field in a big way.' She smiles. 'You could say that that is both my resolution and my ambition for the rest of the year.'

Ronald Webber, delving into old archives, discovered a little known poem by John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, to Nell Gwyn, showing he was a keen advocate of depilation

A Genuine Letter from the Earl of Rochester to Nell Gwyn

Copied from an Original Manuscript in the French King's Library

Nelly, my Life, tho' thou'rt full fifteen,
Thy C--t's the baldest that I e're have seen.
Tease me not then, nor ask me o'er and o'er
Why it enraptures me still more and more.
For, did I lust to groap in Tods of Wool,
I'd woo a Sheep's-Skin, or a Black-moor's Skull.
But, Troth, I like not such unnatural Stuff,
Nor is my P---k so cold, to want a Muff.
Curse! on all Beards, say I, that graceless grow
Or on the Lips above, or Lips below.
Is't by such Locks thou mean'st to grow a Charmer?
D—— me, Id rather f--k a Hog in Armour.
Yet there are some (which proves, past all Dispute,
Man differs more from Man, then Man from Brute)
Nay, most prefer, so grossly judge the Mob,
A full-fledg'd Pigeon, far beyond a *Squab*.
Is't on the Plumage then, these Boors wou'd dine?
No —— for the Cook has thrown it to the Swine.
What! in a C--t, where I my Tongue would play,
Shall Mouthfuls of rank Hair obstruct my Way?
(This were a Punishment, a fit Affront,
Only for such as never Kiss a C--t.)
Or, in the Middle of a glorious F--k,
Just when the long-pump'd Valves begin to suck,
Shall C--t-Hair Ropes, like Halters rough and hard,
Catch round my throttled Nut, and hang my Yard?
A *Russian* Empress, when the Frost sets in,
Might clad her chilly C--t in *Black Fox* Skin;
But in your hotter Climes a Royal Dame
Most certainly disforrested *that fame*.
If then you'd chain me down to a constant Lover,
Read this Receipt, and promise —— to *uncover*.
'First, an emollient od'rous Bath prepare,
Warm as thy tender Limbs would choose to bear;
In liquid Fragrance there recline at Ease;
There lewdly float on Aromatic Seas.
Oft with thy Hand pat down the bristly Store,
Supple is well, and half the Work is o'er.
Thus lather's, as it were, the well-soak'd Beard
Just o'er the Water's Surface must be rear'd;
Now bid thy Maid the Tweazers close compress,
and, Root by Root, grub up the Wilderness'
Who would not then this sov'reign Balm employ,
The Cost so little and so great the Joy.
And yet how few! unless I haply err,
This Verse will prompt to weed their new *Parterre!*
'Tis Womanish, they cry (oh! Taste absurd!)
At dear Fourteen to have their C--ts well-furr'd
But when the Teens have toll'd their Fun'ral Knell,
And the stal'd Fox's Brush begins to smell,
Oh! how they wish (as once a *Month* they clean)
The Snow-white Surface, and the Velvet-Skin.
In vain they wish, in vain their Loss bemoan;
With tufted Moss the dingy Cave's o'er-grown;
Which, tho' ramm'd down, yet still remains so thick,
It fairly robs 'em of an Inch of P---k.
But thou, Disciple of a happier School,
Nelly, thou sure wilt mind this Golden Rule:
Nor is this all the Pleasure ye will share:
No —— for when all's *smack*-smooth, when all is bare,
Deeper by far ye shall engulf our P---ks,
And pass for sixteen, when ye're Six times Six.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Sam had a nagging wife and picking holes in her husband had become a habit. He talked to a friend about it and the friend pointed out that his wife probably did not even realise any longer that she was doing it. He must tell her each time she started.
That night at home everytime his wife made any sort of remark he pointed out that she was nagging him. Finally he stalked off to bed.
His wife, Ethel, was perplexed to find him in such a mood, but nevertheless settled down to read the evening paper he'd brought home.
Meanwhile Sam was preparing for bed but when he took his trousers and underwear off he dropped his cigarette lighter beneath the bed and so crawled under the bed to look for it.
Ethel, still wondering what was wrong, noticed that the paper carried a story that a John Henry Wright, a convicted murderer, was to be hanged the following morning. 'I wonder,' she thought, 'if that is the John Henry Wright Sam used to know? It must be, and that's why he's so upset. Poor Sam.' Then, as she turned the paper, she noticed in the Stop Press that John Henry Wright had been granted a reprieve. Grabbing the paper she rushed upstairs to where Sam was still looking for his lighter.
'Sam,' she shouted, 'they're not hanging Wright.'
'There you go again!'

Heard of the Irish girl who bought a vibrator and broke her front teeth.

Arriving home early from work one afternoon the young man found his wife naked on the bed, breathing heavily and clearly distracted.
'Mary, what's the matter?' he asked.
I'm having a heart attack,' she gasped.
Quickly, he rushed downstairs to the phone and was dialling for an ambulance when his son hurried in. 'Daddy,' he said, 'there's a naked man in the clothes cupboard.'
Going over to investigate the fellow opened the door and found his best friend cowering there.
'For God's sake,' blustered the husband, 'my wife's upstairs having a heart attack and here you are sneaking around the house scaring the children.'

A teacher giving a sex education lesson for the first time decided to test her class's knowledge of the subject.
'Tell me,' she said, 'can any of you give me an illustration of sex?'
'Please, Miss,' said the boy in the front row, 'on the way to school this morning I saw two dogs. One was on the other's back. Please Miss, was that sex?'
'Yes, Johnny, that *was* sex.'
'Miss,' said a girl from the back of the clasroom, 'at the zoo I saw a zebra on top of another *was* that sex?'
'Yes, again, I'd say that was sex.'
'Miss,' beamed a boy from the middle of the class room. 'I was watching television last night and in this film four indians jumped on John Wayne and they fell to the ground and rolled around together. Was that sex?'
'Good gracious, no, David.'
'Yeah,' said the boy, 'I thought it'd take more than four indians to fuck John Wayne.'

While travelling across Eastern Europe by train the visiting British musician was looking over some sheets of music. A KGB man sitting next to him was suspicious that the notation was a code and that the Englishman was a spy. When questioned the musician laughed and said, 'Why, this is just one of the works of Mozart.'
Immediately the musician was hauled off to jail. After days without food he was taken into an interrogation room.
'You'd better talk,' said the KGB man, 'Mozart has already confessed.'

A couple was invited to a fancy dress party and so it was decided that the wife should hire costumes for both. On the night of the party she developed a terrible headache and told her husband to go without her.
Persuaded, he donned his costume and set off. The wife, after sleeping soundly for an hour woke without a sign of pain. As it was just after nine, she decided to go to the party. And as a secondary thought, given that her husband didn't know what costume she had hired for herself, she decided to see for herself how he behaved when she wasn't around.
After joining the party she spotted her husband cavorting on the dance floor, dancing with one girl after another. So she sidled up to him, and being a seductive girl he left his partner and concentrated his attentions on her.
She let him have full rein and finally he whispered a proposition which she agreed to and they went off to one of the cars parked outside. Just before the unmasking at midnight, she slipped away, went home and got into bed wondering what explanation her husband would make for his conduct. She was sitting up in bed reading when he returned. 'What kind of a time did you have dear?' she asked.
'Oh the same old thing,' he replied.
'Did you dance much?' she asked.
'Well, I tell you. I never danced a dance. When I got there, Pete, Bill Brown and some other guys were alone also, so we just went in the back room and played poker. But, I'll tell you something. The chap I loaned my costume to did all right. He banged this bird in the back of our car.'

Last night, with my true love's permission,
I loved her without intermission.
But poor Ermintrude
Let my sperm intrude . . .
Do you know of a good obstetrician?

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes' Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

PAINTED LADIES

Classic canvasses undressed and

Much Loved Lady

updated by Ronald Cobb

Bubbles

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Bubbles is the kind of girl to dream about on cold winter nights when wind and rain are competing for attention on the bedroom window and morning's a long way off. Bright, bubbly, very affectionate, slightly mischievous, and all wrapped generously in a soft 36–23–36 inch parcel that few males would refuse to unwrap. It's a view that's shared by a considerable number of guests at the small but exclusive Bristol hotel where Bubbles – otherwise Barbara Ann Rawlings – works as a receptionist; though Bubbles herself giggles at the suggestion. 'I'm just myself,' she insists, 'and I like to be nice to people. If that includes flirting a bit that suits me fine, because we both know it's not serious.'

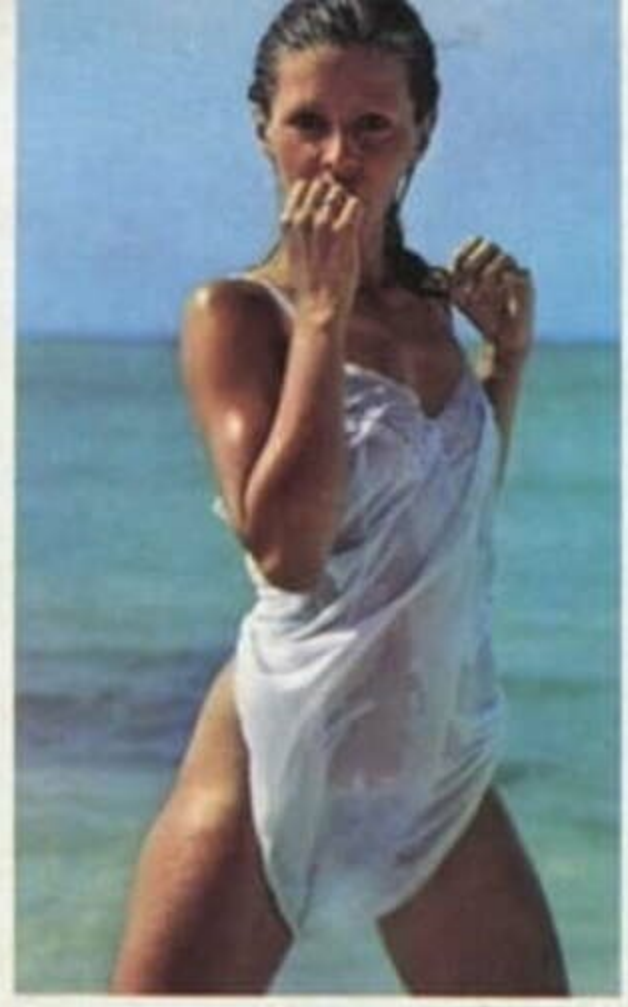
Just 21 – 'I was born on Boxing Day which always annoyed me when I was a kid; I only got one huge pile of presents' – she speaks with a soft West Country burr, acquired from living until three years ago in a sleepy Somerset village. 'Bristol is as near as I want to get to big city living,' she says. 'People from London tell me it's a bit slow and sleepy, but it's fast enough for me. It's a kind of ideal combination, still quite countrified and friendly, but large enough to have lots of things to do and places to go.' Places like the Theatre Royal, home of the Bristol Old Vic – 'I queued for hours once to see Peter O'Toole there' – countless pubs – 'Especially one near the harbour whose name I can never remember but which has a jazz band every Sunday lunchtime' – and the downs over the Avon gorge, site of Bristol zoo. 'It's beautiful there in summer,' Bubbles explains. 'A real sun trap and it's too big to get really crowded. Luckily the hotel where I work is very close to the gorge and I can stroll to the downs easily in my lunch hour.'

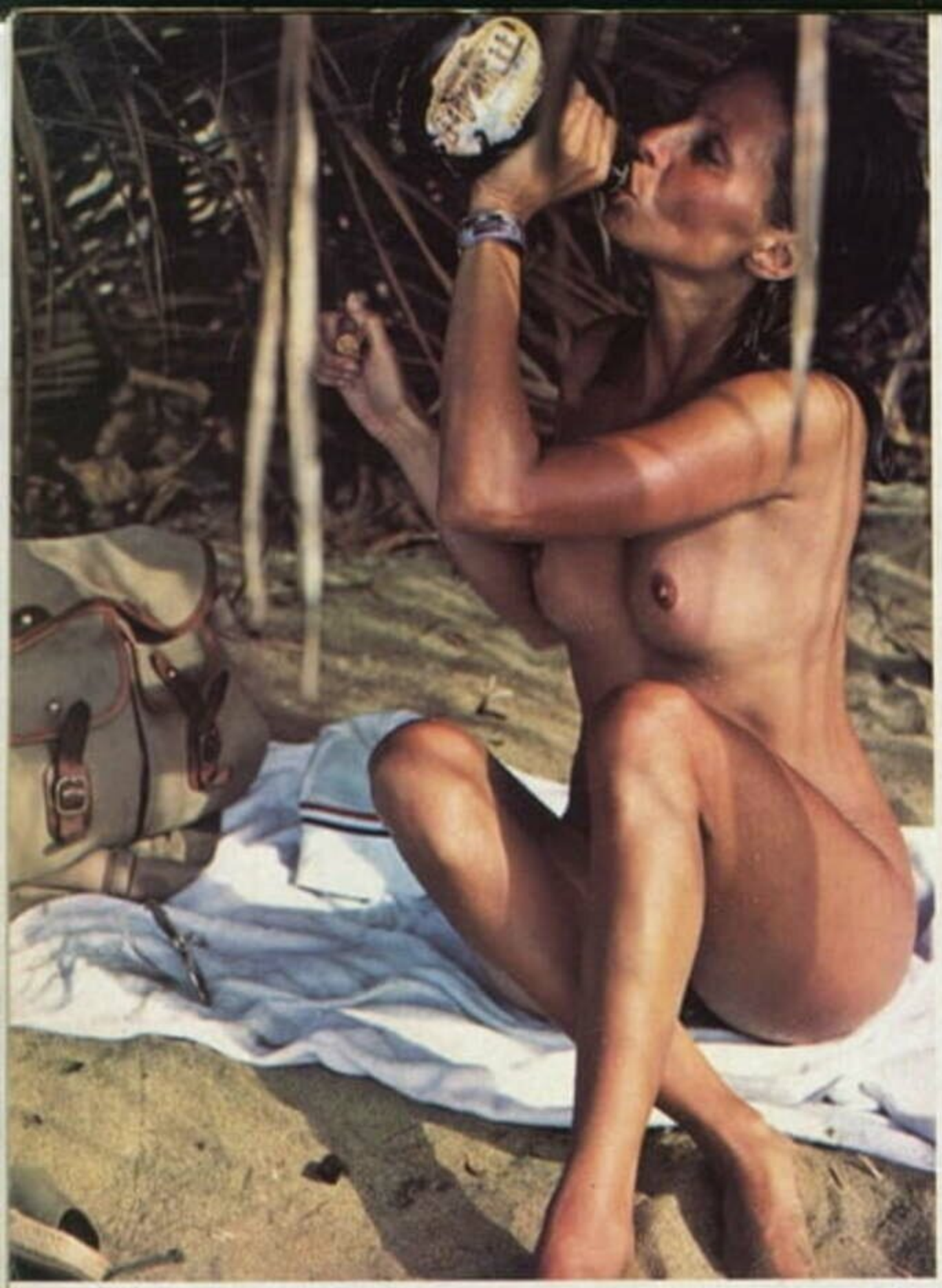
Bubbles got her job and her nickname only a few months ago. 'I'd been working in an office as a clerk,' she explains, 'hating every minute of it. I'm not exactly dense – I do have five 'O' Levels, after all – but when a job doesn't interest me something seems to switch off and I become terribly dim. That was when I saw my job advertised and was offered it on the spot. I can't see myself going back to an office; it would be much kinder of me to everyone else who worked there!' The 'Bubbles' title came from a boyfriend – in fact an old Somerset friend who called at the hotel one day. 'And of course he shrieked out, "Hello there Bubbles" and everyone heard. Up to then it had only been a private joke. But I haven't been allowed to forget it.' And did it have any deep significance? 'I am of course terribly bubbly when I want to be,' she grins. 'But the name really dates back to my eighteenth birthday party. A relative sent me a huge magnum of champagne which I'd never had before, and a boyfriend persuaded me that you had to shake the bottle like mad to make the cork pop out properly. So you can imagine what happened after that!'

MARIA

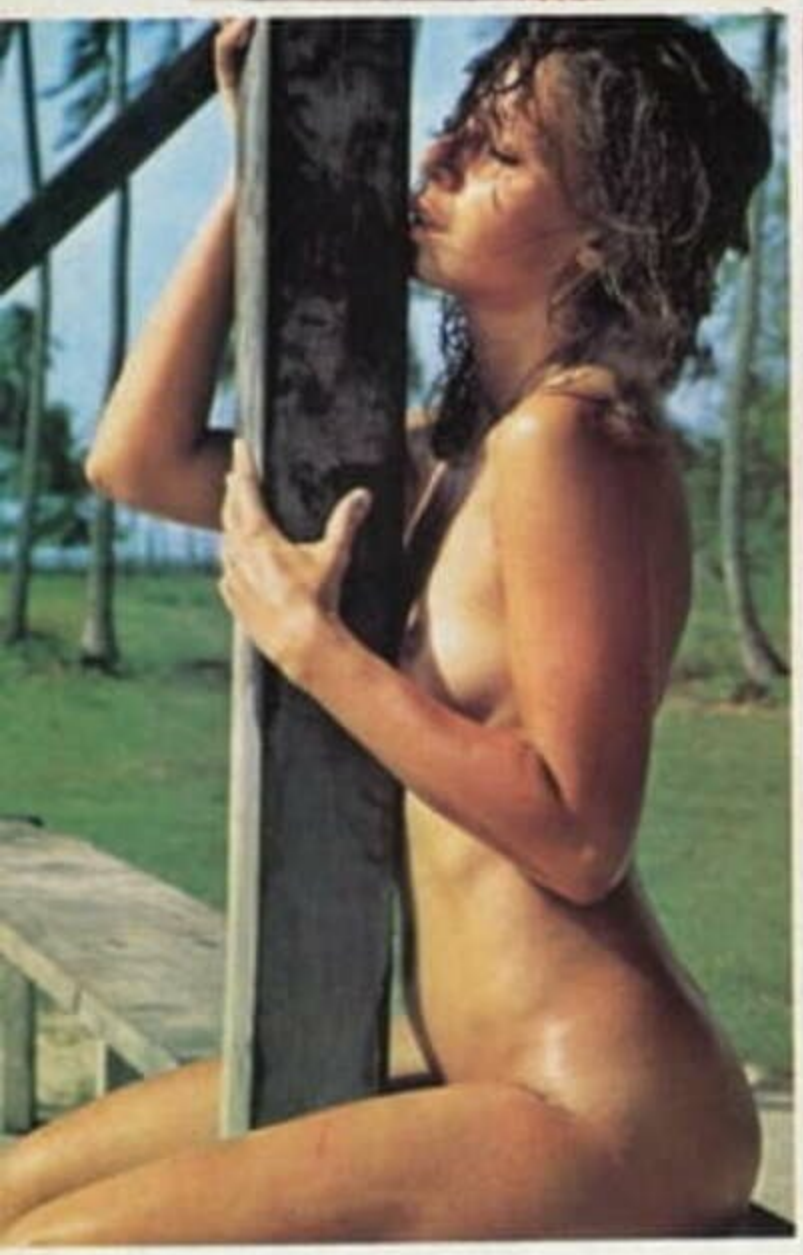
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN OLIVER

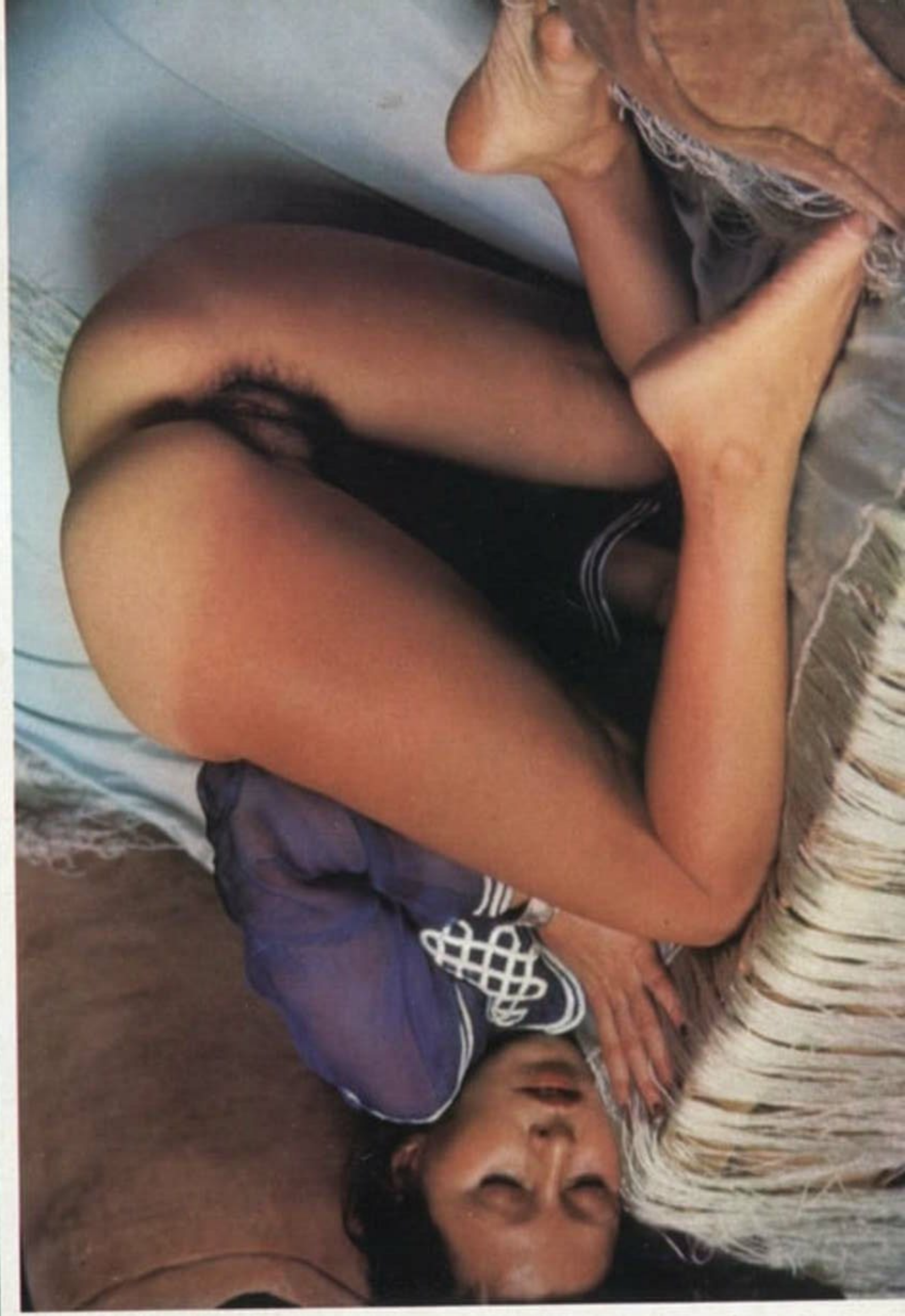
From time to time throughout the year, the country's streets are busy with people collecting money for a variety of worthy causes. Most collectors are volunteers giving up their time to work for charity and one such is 24-year-old Maria Ogilvy, ('Of the Nottinghamshire Ogilvys,' she says, mock-serious), whose 34–22–34 can usually be found behind a typewriter in a plushily-accoutred City office. 'My boss is incredibly good about time off though.'





'Which,' Maria continues, 'is awfully nice of him as I take off four or five days a year to fund-raise which he doesn't deduct from my holiday allowance. He really is a sweetie.' Usually, Maria's fund-raising area is the City; convenient doubtless, but an area for rich pickings? 'Well the collecting tins are sealed of course,' she replies, 'so one has no idea how much they contain, but you'd be surprised how many people donate pound notes: even fivers sometimes. I must admit if I see a friend when I'm out collecting I tend to dangle the tin rather menacingly in front of them, which I'm sure isn't allowed, and try to shame them into giving generously. But I'd never do that to someone I didn't know.' Maria smiles. 'As I have a large circle of friends though, I can usually count on ending up with my tin well-filled!'





INTERNATIONAL

CARRIE

A racing pile-up gives Carrie a smashing time

HOT CAR
MAYF
SMASH!
RAY RUSSELL
V.V.C.C.C.
1
22
JIM CHAPMAN
CUSTOM CAR
MAGA
69
CARRIE
HERE I COME
CARRIE
Demolition Derby
LAST CAR
STILL RUNNING IS
THE WINNER
MAYFAIR
EVERY
MONTH
THERE YA GO!
CARRIE
Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER